

# LETTERS

SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN

BY

YORICK and ELIZA.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

---

— That sacred sense of woe,  
Which none but friends and lovers know.

AKENSIDE.

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LETTERS

ORDERED TO BE KEPT SECRET

YORK AND ELINA

IN TWO VOLUMES



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# LETTERS

BETWEEN

YORICK and ELIZA.

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ELIZA to YORICK.

*The Madeiras.*

SEVERAL days have elapsed since I wrote the last article of my Journal : it had almost been the last of my life ; for I fainted away as I was writing it ; and, from what I can recollect, must have lain for a  
con-

considerable time in a deplorable state of insensibility, without the least assistance. —At length, however, I was, with great difficulty, and many apprehensions of those around me, brought back to life.—Ere this the sea might have received my cold remains into its boisterous bosom, and my spirit have, already, been the guardian-angel of those I love.—Often, very often, would I have been with my Yorick.—In the freezing winter, I would have softened the biting air for him, and tempered the north-eastern blast.—For him I would, with my wings, make a passage for salubrious gales, when the foggy damps of the night prevailed :—and when a summer-sun had wooed him to his northern retreat, I would cheer his cottage with the warblings of the nightingale, and make him wonder at the unusual sounds\*.

\* It is observed by naturalists, that the nightingale is very seldom heard so far north as Yorkshire ; —nay, the common notion supposes that this bird ceases to be tuneful on the north of the river Trent.

It is not for us to determine ;—but sure, my Bramin ! according to the compass of our present ideas, if there should be an interval of higher probation, between the hour of death and the great day of judgment, it is wonderfully pleasant to conceive that it might consist in the happy employment of invisibly protecting those mortals who were dearest to us on earth.—You would be one of my charge ; for none of the aerial spirits would contend with me for interest in your heart, or zeal for your welfare :—my never ceasing vigilance should protect you from evil, till Death, whose final power nothing can oppose, should deliver you from the bondage of nature, and let you fly to join me in the heavenly office of preserving others.

I fear you will think me fanciful ;—but to what better purpose can Fancy apply its powers, than in turning, for a while, the aching heart from its troubles ?—And when its little excursions only give a colour to the moment, and do not tinge the whole of life, they are useful, and the  
eye

eye of Wisdom will follow them with pleasure.—The dull heads and cold hearts which you mention, the enemies of Reason and Beauty, may shake their formal faces, and, half-smiling, pass their marble sentence of condemnation, and call it Folly.—Let them pursue their inclinations, and proceed in the beaten path their grandfathers trod before them; and if, as I am sometimes sporting on the hills and mountains, they turn and look with contempt on me, I can cast an eye of pity upon them.

But I owe much to this propitious influence:—to Fancy I owe the present power of writing to you, and the comfort that accompanies it.—Alas! alas! I have so few real supports in this world, that I am glad to catch at the most visionary ideas, to bear up my sinking spirits.

I had resolved, my friend, whatever pain it might have cost me, to have fulfilled one of your kindest wishes, “That no doubts or misgivings might disturb the  
serenity



ferenity of my mind, or awaken a painful thought about my children ; adding withal, that they were thine, and thou wouldest be their friend for ever."—By this truly parental declaration, I have been long supported in many a cruel struggle with my heart ; and, hitherto, I had gained a painful victory :—for, as often as my tender affections turned towards my children, I used, silently, to recommend them to Heaven, and myself with them ; and then, with an agonizing compulsion, force my thoughts upon some other subject.—But as I was writing to thank you for all your kind remembrances of me, my heart almost dissolved with the kindness of my friends :—in this situation, and thus affected, when I looked towards them to bless them, I beheld my children in the group, and it was too much for me—I was overpowered with grief ; and, after the most violent agitation of mind I ever experienced, Nature drooped, and I lost my pains in a kind insensibility.——On my recovery, I remained so languid and weak for two days, that I could scarce speak, much less

less attempt to write.—As my strength returned, I snatched an hour, now and then, to write to the \* \* ; but I dared not even to look at your letters, till Fancy touched me with her magic wand, and inspired me with courage to continue the blotting of this paper.

Last night I had a dream of comfort.—Surely, there must be something more of reality in these pictures, which Fancy holds forth to our sleeping hours, than we are willing to allow ; or the mind would never look with such a fond attention to the visions of the night, to lessen the wretchedness of the day : or it may be one of the many instances of Heaven's mercy to troubled mortals.——But you weep, my Bramin, in your dreams ; do you not ?—Here would be a perplexity, not in the arrangement of things,—but in my weak, short-sighted view of them : I shall, therefore, quit the subject, and proceed to myself.

I thought,

I thought, in my sleep, that I was standing by a large and beautiful river, on whose surface floated a thousand gondolas, gilt with gold, and adorned with silken streamers of every colour, fluttering in the gale.—The vessels were filled with youth and beauty ; and most delicious music was wafted to my ear by gentle winds, which breathed the sweetest odours.—On a sudden, methought, I saw you reclined upon the grass, and my children playing about you :—and when one of them asked if his mother was upon the water, Yes, my dear, you answered ; but she is upon a greater water than this, and in a vessel much larger and finer than any of these : she is gone, my boy, to the country where gold and diamonds grow ; and, if you are good, she will bring back some of them to make you fine withal ; for she loves you all dearly, though she is far from you,—and you ought to love her, though you are far from her.—When I write to her, my children, shall I say how much you love her ?—Yes ! Yes ! they all cried, and ran eagerly towards you.—You then embraced

them with the utmost tenderness, and told them that you were to be their mother till her return.—The moment after you had said this, I thought that one of the children shrieked, and ran from a snake which appeared to be darting itself after him.—You arose in haste, and boldly seizing the venomous animal, threw it into the river.—Fear not, my children, you said; for, by the help of Heaven, while I live, thus will I protect you.—I endeavoured, as I thought, to spring forward, and throw myself at your feet, but a superior power seemed to restrain me. I struggled, and, in the efforts I made to express my gratitude to you, I awoke.

This, then, is my dream of comfort;—and, visionary as it may be, I am so well convinced of its most interesting images being realized, that I consider it rather as a faithful representation, than a fantastic vision, and rest much upon it.—You will, my Yorick! perform your promise: and I have only to weary Heaven with my petitions, that your life may long be spared;



spared; a life which, in this idea, becomes more precious than ever to

Your ELIZA.

*Saturday.*

WE shall not, I understand, remain much longer at this place; and I shall not have another opportunity of writing to you again, when we set sail from hence, 'till we arrive at the Trade Winds. I shall, therefore, fill another sheet of paper while I am here;—and I begin with thanking you, among the rest, for your story of the generous seaman. It has fully answered the kind purposes you wished. I now love the deck better than I was used to do, and sometimes amuse myself in conversing with the sailors, asking them the names of the ropes and sails, with their particular use and application, all of which they explain with a degree of intelligence and respect that surprizes me. Thus I am not only entertained and diverted, but

am really the better in health and spirits, to which the confined air of my cabin--- and I have hitherto breathed little else--- is by no means favourable. I find a civility in these sturdy sons of traffic which convinces me that the power of pleasing--- the fine gentlemen of the age I hope will forgive me---is not confined to high-life or polished education, but that Nature takes upon her to give it to some of her children, who have never known the one, or received the other.

Politeness, or complaisance, or civility, call it by what name you please,---for they all mean the same in the different ranks of life,---is defined by some-one---I believe it is Dean Swift---to be the art of rendering ourselves agreeable to our company : and the definition, in my poor apprehension, is perfectly satisfactory. The objects of this disposition to please, or faculty of giving pleasure, are our superiors, our equals, and our inferiors.---It enables us to be duly respectful to our superiors, kindly familiar with our equals, and graciously con-  
descending

descending to our inferiors. Thus, by rendering a superior amiable, an equal agreeable, and an inferior acceptable, it seems to be most admirably adapted, not only to the calling forth every kind and social affection, but appropriating them also, in its manner and degree, to the very differing and contrasted characters of life. The graceful salutation which is received from a superior, the shake of the hand which is given by an equal, and respectful taking-off the hat in an inferior, possess, exactly, the same rank in the eye of the philosopher : and he will tell you, that, as an act of civility, the farmer's wife, who wipes her lips with a dirty apron before she suffers you to salute her, stands in an equal point of view with the finest lady, who, holding forth her lily-hand, suffers you to approach and kiss it. The intention sanctifies every deed of this kind, though it operates in a more or less agreeable manner, according to the education which has been received ; as it is, without doubt, a polished education alone which enables or qualifies a man to do the most

agreeable thing in the most agreeable manner; that is, to become the finished character of good-breeding and politeness: for, though it must be acknowledged by every one, that all the mere acts of complaisance and civility, considered as forms of behaviour only, that ever happened in the world, will not weigh in the balance a single moment with the truly generous deed of your honest sailor; yet, most assuredly, Virtue is more lovely in a lovely form. Wisdom itself receives advantage from the adorning hands of the Graces; Beauty owes half its charms to them; and Wit, when free from their gentle and softening influence, sinks continually into Severity, and sometimes scatters its darts with an indiscriminate cruelty.

The *Graces*, in former times, were almost always attended by *Good-nature*: indeed, they seldom ventured upon any excursions without her, though she frequently took her humble circuit without them.—Their profession led them into the circles of higher life, where they then found little  
could



could be done without her. In these situations, it is true, they were of mutual service to each other ;—for while she received from them the power of giving universal pleasure, they received from her, in return, the desire of doing it. Thus she was, in time, considered as a fourth Grace, and these accomplished Ladies called her Sister.

But *Fashion*, a motley, fantastic, capricious offspring of less virtuous times, finding how necessary the Graces were to her obtaining any considerable influence on mankind, tried many stratagems, in which she was not unassisted by *Vice*, to disturb the harmony of this truly useful and amiable community ; but they were too firmly united by interest as well as affection for her open designs to be the least effectual. Fashion, therefore, was obliged to have recourse to the power which she possesses of changing her appearance ; and, by assuming the form, air, and manners of Good-nature, she has imposed, and does continue daily to impose, on the Graces,

who, from their natural disposition to be satisfied with external appearance, do not discover the fallacy. To this circumstance it is owing that these Ladies, so amiable in themselves, do now encourage such strange, whimsical, absurd, useless, and, I fear, sometimes immoral practices; and that the far greater part of those who sacrifice at their altar, so seldom bear an offering to that of Virtue.

Poor *Good-nature* sees through the deceit, and grieves at it, but, from a weakness which is natural to her, lest she should give pain to those she loves by telling them of their error, she suffers them to be governed by a wretched and fatal influence, waiting with patience for the assistance of Time, who, she hopes, will one day open their eyes, and restore her to the dear society of her former associates.

For the present, my friend, farewell! Look kindly, I beseech you, upon these little efforts of your Eliza to amuse and please you: and though she may not possess

self all the graceful powers of doing it; as she has the desire at her heart, you will, I am sure, cast a complacent smile of approbation upon her labours and herself.—She knows you will;—and she thanks you for it.

*Monday.*

WE shall now set sail in a few days; and this article will, I believe, conclude my journal at this place. I shall, indeed, keep it open to the last, in case any thought or request should occur which may hitherto have escaped me,—and, also, for a few lines to say adieu.

This last idea brings to my mind the excellent farewell-sermon which my kind preacher has bestowed upon me for my use and instruction. But wherefore could you imagine, my friend, that I had taken upon me to form such high and independent notions of myself, and such false ones

of the dignity of human nature, as to suppose that I could and ought to love virtue for the sake of its own intrinsic charms, without annexing any idea or expectation of good or pleasure which was to result from it? Or what books and authors do you allude to as the subjects of my partial and particular study?—If you think of it, when you write again, do be so kind as to inform me whence you gathered these surmises concerning this supposed disposition of mine. My curiosity is greatly interested in receiving this intelligence; and I beg and beseech you to gratify it.

On my first perusal of your letter, I thought that you were bantering me; and was really at a loss, for some time, to discover whether you were in jest or earnest, or what was your meaning. This idea of yours could not have arisen from any observations you had yourself made; because I am most sure you could not have any reasons for making them. Besides, in the last letter but one I received from you  
in



in the *Downs*, you recommend me to Hope, and bid me sing your little stanza on the subject every morning before breakfast; and this recommendation did not appear, either in the language or the manner of it, to arise from any suspicion of its particular and necessary application to me, but in the general course of your kind and consolatory remembrances: so that I am quite positive your friendly remonstrance did not arise from the suggestions of your own heart, nor of any heart that possesses a grain of your benevolence. But whoever it was that gave you this false impression of me, return him or her my most sincere thanks for being the cause of such an elegant and convincing train of argument in support of a principle whereon the wretched have so much dependence, and to whose friendly aid, therefore, your poor Eliza must make such frequent application. It was never seriously imagined by me, for a moment, that there could be a mortal, reasonable being, whose supposed nature could be so highly exalted as to be superior to passion; and I would  
undergo

undergo some trouble and inconvenience to obtain a sight of that man, I should rather say monster, whose nerves are so strung, as never to vibrate with Fear; and whose heart is so framed, exalted if you please, as never to dance at the song of Hope.

Your little stanza I have sung every morning as you desired me, and with the devotion which your spirit could alone inspire; and little did I think, that, at the very moment I was performing this pleasing office, you were meditating a grave argument to prove the necessity of it.

There is something so truly comic in this affair, that, if my muscles were not contracted by a very different employment, I should laugh heartily at it.—I do smile, I assure you:—and I rather smile in triumph, while I am going to transcribe a little hymn which I myself have composed to this friendly divinity.

HYMN

## H Y M N to H O P E.

SWEET Hope, thou pleasing inmate of the breast!  
 Parent of joy, and source of rest!  
 Thy gracious power, and gentle sway,  
 The universal world obey.

Thou to the sorrowing mind canst peace bestow,  
 And give the wretch a respite from his woe.

But not on life alone thy pleasures wait;  
 Thy beams illumine the dark hour of Fate,  
 And light the spirits, as they fly,

To taste of joys that dwell above the sky.

To thee the grateful vow I pay,

When the sun gilds the op'ning day;

And when the shades of eve prevail,

Thy praises float upon the gale.

Sweet nurse of Joy!—where'er I go,

Where'er I'm doom'd to stray

Along this dreary vale of woe,

Oh, lead me on my way!

While lightnings flash, and thunders roar,

And the hoarse billows lash the shore,

Amid the elemental strife,

Save me! Oh save me from the ills of life!

It is not impossible, tho' I really do  
 not remember it, that I may, from vanity,  
 perhaps, for the sake of conversation, or  
 some other motive, have supported an oc-  
 casional argument on this and many other  
 sub-

subjects, contrary to my own opinion;—but, as I am certain such liberties were never taken by me in your company,—somebody, I cannot guess whom, has been endeavouring to tamper with your good opinion of me.—It is true, I have oftentimes conversed with people who have been so stupid as to take an apparent jest for a serious assertion,—and evident irony for solemn arguments: and it may have so happened, that some of these dull creatures may have stumbled in your way, and, innocently, misrepresented me.—But I flatter myself, nay, I am certain, that it would be a more than Herculean labour to effect a change in your kind dispositions towards *Eliza*.—The suspicion does not approach me.—I know *Yorick*'s justice too well to suppose he will cease to love me, until I do something very unworthy of myself and him.—With respect to any apprehensions on that account, I am in a state of perfect tranquility.—Besides, so great is his benevolence, so comprehensive his tenderness, and so disposed to compassionate human errors, especially those  
of



of *Eliza*, that her fault must be of the greatest magnitude, and attended with very frequent repetitions, if *Yorick* did not forgive and smile favourably upon her.

I am not ignorant, believe me, that I have many enemies.-----Alas ! full well I know it : and, by a miserable fatality, which I cannot account for, I have always had them.-----Envy has made me a mark to shoot her arrows at, almost as long as I can remember.-----To suffer the assaults of Envy, is a tax which Beauty will ever pay for its adorations ; but I never was beautiful, and the little power of pleasing I might possess, was not held forth to public admiration,—but for the few who knew, and did not disdain to love me.——I left the gaudy flower to expand its leaves to the sun, while I sought and was content with the shade.-----I bent myself down to the world ;—and, when the gust of Malevolence blew, I resisted not, but bowed my head to let it pass over me.-----

I would

I would have blossomed in peace, and shed my leaves in the valley; but Detraction would not suffer it.-----At first, it hovered over my dropping bells, and made them wither: but this was not all;----it soon struck at my root, and gave a wound which almost destroyed me.-----I feel its effects at this hour, and shall continue to feel them as long as I live.-----Thus, my few vernal charms were so despoiled, that they were scarcely brought to bloom in summer;---and winter, if I should reach it, will be more than winter to me.

You will not easily believe what I am about to tell you; but you may depend upon it as truth, that so tough was the bow, and so strong the arm of the adversary who drew it, that the arrow of Calumny, which he let fly in *England*, dropped in *India*, and spent its venom there.-----Indeed, I doubt not but the shaft will be re-venomed, and returned with equal force.---Shield, therefore, my friend, your breast against it!

I might,

I might, probably, be very soon forgotten in the country which I have left behind me, and no longer attract any malevolence from it :—but, when it is known and buzzed abroad that I am favoured with your correspondence, this event, which must cast such a flattering blaze of reputation around me, will renew the charge of my enemies.——Envy will re-sharpen her sting to disturb my enjoyment of it ;—and the thousands who sigh after the same honour, will join the cry against me.——But may a just reproach overtake and torture me for ever, if I would yield it to them, with all its sweet and salutary delights, though the concession would blunt every sting that might wound my peace, and soften every tongue, that has rudely wagged itself against me, into praise and eulogium !

I myself—poor Eliza herself—must be the weak protectress of the fame which she carries with her to the Eastern world. —That which I leave behind me, I consign,

sign, my faithful friend, to your care.—  
 Cherish it with your kindness,—protect it  
 with your power,—defend it with your  
 eloquence:—remember, it is the cause  
 of Innocence!—remember, it is the  
 cause of your Eliza,—and be invincible!

Adieu!

*Thursday.*

MY Captain—mistake me not, I mean  
 the Captain of the ship; for the military  
 Gentleman is too much engaged to pay  
 any attentions to me—has this mo-  
 ment informed me, that he believes it  
 will be at least a week before we shall sail  
 from this island.—The intelligence  
 pleases me much, as I shall employ the  
 whole of my time here, whatever it may  
 be, in continuing my Journal.—It will,  
 therefore, be much longer than I intend-  
 ed, or you can expect: but I shall be con-  
 tented, if, as it is a proof of my obedience  
 to your desire, you will consider it as an  
 example



example which it becomes you to follow.

——But to proceed.

You tell me, my Bramin, that you dare not trust me to my own sex.—I understand you.—It is your opinion, I suppose, that there is no such thing as candour among women, with respect to each other.—Indeed, it is said, nay adopted as an universal opinion, that friendship, between females, is an absolute contradiction in terms, a chimæra, a non-entity, and only plays upon the thoughtless brains of giddy girls, before the unpleasant realities of life have, in some measure, dissipated the gay and airy phantoms of imagination.

I wish to exculpate my sex from a charge so lessening in its nature, and obnoxious in its tendency.——Will you forgive me, if I try my skill in the matter, and become their champion?—Nay, you must; for it is you who have made an essayist of me:—it is Yorick that has flattered Eliza into a task, of which she feels  
a mort-

a mortifying incapability, and wherein she would not venture to engage, if the hopes of your kind, instructive corrections did not animate her mind, and give boldness to her pen.

That I might be clear and precise in my definition of friendship, I proposed to crave the assistance of some kind, intelligent author upon the subject;—but, on consideration, that would not be answering my end in the business, which is to hold forth my own unassisted thoughts to your correction, or dealing fairly, and as I ought to do, with my preceptor.—Besides, though a woman, my good Sir, I may, surely, be able to tell what friendship ought to be, though I am doomed, alas! never to feel it; and thus follow the example of many who have gone before me in the track of essay-writing, whose subjects are more frequently the off-spring of the head than of the heart.

Friendship is produced by a certain coincidence of opinion in the great outlines

lines of moral conduct, and a certain similitude of taste in the general objects of ordinary gratification. In trivial matters, either of opinion or enjoyment, a difference of sentiment or taste cannot be very material: on the contrary, it may promote friendship; and, by its variety in these unessential points, give life and spirit to the passion, which, from a minute sameness of thinking in every trifle, might, in time, languish into coldness and insipidity. But in the first principles of human duty, in the great and leading articles of morality and religion, a conformity of opinion is absolutely necessary to friendship. To possess the same ideas of virtue and vice, of honour and disgrace, is, almost, the one thing needful in forming a sincere and complete union between two feeling minds. If they are not congenial in matters of this importance, their friendship will be of very short duration,—I should rather say, could never have existed for a moment, but some deceitful assuming phantom

phantom in its stead, which a warm fancy, assisted, perhaps, by some lurking interest, might create, and represent as a firm bond of union, 'till the first temptation dissolved the charm.

A good man and a villain can never be connected by any ties of a sacred nature; nor can friendship exist but among the most virtuous and excellent of men. Thieves may be faithful to each other from motives of gain, or fear of punishment; but that reciprocal exercise of good offices, that eager communication of joy, that ready partaking of sorrow, which are the constituent parts of this virtue, belong only to congenial and superior minds.

We need not look into the poets alone for the most noble examples of heroic friendship. It is, and ever has been, a favourite theme of the Muses; but it wants not the flowers of Fancy, nor any of those gay wreaths which are culled from the



the fairy fields of fiction, to decorate and adorn it. The fablings of romantic pens may be thrown aside when Truth points to the historic volume, in whose calm and sober page numberless examples are recorded, where this passion has operated to the most surprizing acts of disinterested affection.

I look therein, and I see the heroic friends armed for battle: they hasten to the field; they are already furiously engaged with the enemy;—together they hew their way through an host of foes, themselves an host;—I behold them, side by side, covered with dust, and sweat, and blood, urge their victorious way——But, alas! the noble career is at an end!—an hostile javelin mocks the opposing shield, and sinks deep into one of their faithful breasts. The wounded hero sinks to the ground in the agonies of death; his surviving associate stands over the writhing body, and, having sacrificed many a foe to the departing spirit, he himself, covered with

with wounds, falls by his friend. Their armour rattles together; they stretch forth their arms to an imperfect embrace,—and die in glory.—Here I might proceed to tell you of the tears which flowed from the eyes even of their enemies at this sad but beauteous spectacle;—I might call your attention, also, to the lamentations of their country, and the honours bestowed on them by recording fame;—but I have another picture of equal interest, and of as fair example.

Do you see, my Yorick, that criminal on his knees before a stern and inflexible monarch, who has just condemned him to die!—Is he asking for life, think you? Nothing less.—It is for liberty to go into his own country to settle affairs of the utmost consequence to his surviving family, with a promise to return before the day appointed for his execution; while the person beside him is in the same imploring posture, to beg it as the highest act of indulgence to himself, that he may be the  
pledge

pledge for his return. The rigid King relents for a moment, and grants the rare petition. The fetters are knocked from off the limbs of the criminal, and those of his friend receives them. Having clasped each other in a close and confidential embrace, the one departs to his country, and the other is led to the dungeon. I pass over his patient and honourable captivity; nor shall I attempt to describe the torturing alarms which disturb the other's breast while adverse winds delay his promised return. I pass them over, and bring you, at once, to the appointed day of execution. It is now arrived! The dreadful apparatus of death is prepared;—the real criminal is not returned, nor will the merciless tyrant delay the doom for an hour. The forfeit victim is led forth to punishment; and when the cruel judge upbraids him with the perfidy of his friend, he becomes his advocate, and nobly defends him.

As he bends his submissive neck to the stroke, a loud tumult is heard among the

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crowd,

crowd, which arrests the hands of the executioner ; and before he can again raise it to compleat the murderous purpose, the real criminal appears, catches his friend in his arms, and demands a speedy execution on himself.—Praised be the immortal Gods, he cries, that I am arrived at this moment to save my own honour and thy most precious life ! Lament me not. I die contented.—The stubborn breast of the astonished King melts at the affecting sight. He immediately hastens to the scaffold, pronounces pardon, and entreats these noble friends that he may be admitted to share in such unparalleled affection.

Will Yorick continue to indulge Eliza in her descriptive mood?—Will he suffer her to proceed to another scene, where life, indeed, is not sacrificed, but, what is more, all that makes life valuable is forever resigned. This is the climax of Friendship ; and, if I had but thy pencil for a moment, thou best painter of what  
is



is most excellent in the human heart! I should not despair of giving this last and highest effort of affection such a bright, animated, yet tender colouring, that every eye which beheld it should be drowned in tears.

You are, already, in the Temple of Hymen; the wreathed chaplets regale thee with their odours, and the dulcet sounds of music melt thy very soul. The venerable priest, in robes of saffron, waits the coming of the nuptial pair. The pale bride enters, supported by two youths dressed in white, and crowned with flowers. He on her right hand is the exulting bridegroom;—joy sparkles in his eye, and glows upon his cheek. The other is the friend of his heart, and of his life, whose trembling hands and quivering lips betray some mighty conflict in his soul.—As they approach the altar, he falls, to all appearance, dead upon the pavement; and the affrighted bride, with an agonizing shriek, sinks down beside him.—All

is alarm and astonishment ; and their senses return but to bring a strange discovery along with them, that they passionately but innocently loved, and that their mutual flame had been concealed from everyone, even from each other.

The priest declares the interposition of Heaven to prevent the celebration of nuptials where the union could not be sanctified by mutual love. The intended husband, recovering from his sad amazement, at once resigns the bride, and, having pressed his trembling lips to hers, presents her to the object of her affections. The sparkle of his eye, and the glow of his cheek, he transfers to his reviving friend ; and, clasping him, for the last time, to his almost broken, but noble heart, he hastes away to solitude and silence, where, unheard and unknown, he may pass his days in brooding over the dear idea of his lost happiness, supported alone by the consciousness of virtue.

Here,

Here, then, I make a pause;—and, after some short time, methinks I see you rest your elbow upon the table, and your face upon your hand, and, smiling sarcastically, tell me, as you have often done before, that I argue very naturally indeed, and truly like a woman, in making the sacrifice of Love the highest effort of human resolution.—You may smile, my good Sir, but I shall, nevertheless, maintain, that, in such an act as this, Friendship is consummate, and Love may be said to suffer the most glorious martyrdom.

Such examples as these I have described, or some very similar to them, have not been infrequent in the world;—and, I doubt not, if the spirit, or, I should rather say, the manners of modern days led to such exertions of Friendship, but there are many, very many, who would be found ready to emulate all that antiquity can boast in the display and trial of this virtue. It is not, however, to be imagined, that an affection which leads to such heroic and disinterested actions, can be the child of

a few hours, days, or months, or spring from a reciprocation of the common kindnesses of life :—these, in sensible minds, will ever beget a certain degree of esteem and gratitude; but the confirmed confidence and inflexible affection must proceed from an habitual conjunction of similar and consummate virtues.—It is true, we hear less of those uncommon instances of Friendship in these than in former ages; but I believe the spirit of it still exists in as full force as it has ever done in any period of the world. The days of Romance have long been over; the knight-errant wanders no more in search of visionary glory; the idea of renown is changed, and the lance, the shield, and the helmet, are thrown aside among the lumber of former centuries. The fanciful refinements of Love are passed away with the castle, the dwarf, and the page; and women being transformed from divinities to rational creatures, the men seem to have raised themselves from their heroic fantasies into the same character; so that reason may now be said to govern the progress,



gress, and promote the completion, of their affection.

Friendship seems to have taken the same course: its fervours do not appear in their antient form, but the spirit remains entire, and, by the change of manners, laws, and governments, is drawn from one striking and splendid object to numberless purposes of general utility; and its powers are become more enlarged and expansive, by mingling with every social feeling, and all the necessary duties of private and public life.

Heroism, which, according to its general acceptation, is a zealous, enthusiastic attachment to glory, or the love of our country, as it is displayed in a voluntary and eager risking our lives in its defence, or for its honour, seems to be in a great measure extinct. Arms have now, comparatively speaking, but little to do in the world; and states support their own greatness more by the refinements of policy and the enlargement of commerce,

than in making offerings to the God of Battle.

This Heroism naturally disposes the mind to whatever is capable of elevating it to an enthusiasm similar to its own.—The virtue, therefore, which is most likely to be indebted to its succour, is Friendship.

Governments where all are soldiers, and the military glory of their country the universal, predominant principle of their actions, are, if I may use the expression, the hot-bed for heroic friendships. The leading principle of the mind being the same among the subjects of a military state, nothing more is required than an early coincidence in the lesser objects of pursuit, to produce those Friendships, whose magnanimity has been so often and so deservedly celebrated by the poet as well as the historian.—But this elevated Heroism, at least in the Western world, has long been at an end: it has given way to the calm spirit of Moderation; and the blessings

blessings of peace are become far more  
 estimable than the glories of war.—The  
 pacific duties of the citizen,—the domestic  
 engagements of the husband, father, and  
 master,—the calls of benevolence and the  
 softer virtues,—all find employment for  
 that spirit of Friendship, which, in former  
 times, was wont to be directed, with  
 little exception, to one centre, but now  
 diffuses its rays to an extensive circle of  
 surrounding objects.—Its pageantry is  
 laid aside; it is become a plain, simple vir-  
 tue:—but what it loses in particular eclat,  
 is more than gained by the diffusion of its  
 benefits.—The distressed damsel, in these  
 enlightened days of reason and good sense,  
 no longer hopes for succour from the re-  
 doubted valour of a wandering champion.  
 The laws will now protect her from injury,  
 and maintain her rights, without the valo-  
 rous aid of redressing knighthood; and he  
 who, in the days of Chivalry, would have  
 hastened to her assistance with sword and  
 spear, now comes to do her equal service  
 with sage advice and sober counsels.—The  
 spirit of Friendship, therefore, instead of

being lost, may be said to have received considerable improvement, as it can now exert itself to the noblest and most virtuous purposes, without the risque or sacrifice of life.

The spirit of Chivalry, tho' very inferior, in every respect, to that of Heroism, is derived from the same source; a certain enthusiasm, or love of glory.—When the former prevailed, Friendship was a subservient passion, and never exerted but under the banners of Cupid; while they who were influenced by the latter, considered Love as a gratification beneath a thought but in the moments of relaxation from the pursuits of fame.

I shall just mention another great and illustrious motive to deeds of splendor and renown: I mean, the Love of Liberty; which, in its attainment, or defence, may pursue the track of Glory, but in its enjoyment discovers a very different nature.—When Liberty is possessed, there is an end of all conflict, and nothing remains but



but to watch over and preserve it ; while the mere Desire of Glory is one of the most restless inmates of the human breast : a state of tranquility seems to annihilate it, and nothing can stop its career but age, infirmity, or death.—The Spirit or Desire of Liberty, having secured its object, is contented with the enjoyment of it, and never looks to wanton excursions of courage and prowess, but calmly reserves the exercise of those hardy virtues for a period when the blessings it enjoys shall be disturbed by some bold and daring intruder.—And when such an event arrives, the Love of Liberty, aroused to its own preservation, produces as fair examples of heroic Friendship, as the most ardent thirst of popular Glory—But, when it reposes in its own enjoyment, it calms the impetuous current of social passion, divides the torrent into many lesser streams, and turns them into different channels of national benefit and prosperity.

I here distinguish between Prosperity and Glory ; because, according to the heroic,

roic, enthusiastic ideas which some people form of the latter, they very often bear a separate and distinct signification.

But whither, my dear friend, have I led you?—Through enchanted forests, and over embattled plains;—to Greece, Rome, and I know not where.—But there is a further trial for your patience: your mad journey, believe me, is not at an end; and, as I am going to the East, you shall most assuredly accompany me!----To proceed, then---

However the spirit of Friendship may be calmed and moderated in these ages of the Western world, the realms of *India*, and the banks of the *Ganges*, echo sentiments more extravagant even than the grotesque ideas of Knight-errantry itself. ---When I was last at *Calcutta*, in a company where I happened to be present, the subject of Friendship, among other things, became the topic of conversation. As it was what every-one felt, or pretended to feel, not a single tongue withheld an opinion

nion upon the matter : all agreed that confidence was the basis of this virtue, but almost all seemed to differ about the nature and extent of it.---A young Nabob who was present, after having declared how cold, unaffecting, and insipid, ideas of the subject appeared to him, adopted the figurative manner of expression used by the Eastern nations, and delivered his sentiments upon the nature of Friendship, and that confidence which is the support of it, in the following story :

“ There were two friends, who, to enjoy the society of each other, and converse apart from the general throng of the town, had retired into a neighbouring wood, where they might, free from disturbance, receive the happy and mutual communications of their congenial hearts. ---As they were engaged in this pleasing indulgence of their affections, one of them was overcome with a sudden heaviness, and, reclining beneath the shade of a mango-tree, soon fell into a calm and sound repose, while his friend sat beside him

him to watch his slumbers, and guard him from danger.—As he was engaged in this faithful employment, a serpent, of a tremendous and dreadful form, appeared before him.—He rose hastily to defend, at the risque of his life, his sleeping charge; when the monster told him, ‘Thy utmost efforts are vain; and, were the strength of a thousand arms added to thine, I could crush thee to atoms in a moment: but I come not for thy life, nor the life of him whom thou preparest to defend; turn, therefore, the menace of thy ineffectual sword from me, and with its point wound the right arm of him who sleeps beneath the tree: the flowing blood will appease me, and my terrors shall be removed from before thine eyes.—Resistance appeared vain; and his reluctant sword pierced the right arm of his friend.—When the blood began to flow, the serpent spread forth his wings, and fled away.—The wounded person awoke, felt the anguish of his wound, saw the blood streaming from it, and beheld his friend standing by him with the ensanguined weapon in his hand.—He



—He saw it all, and was silent:—and when the wound was bound up, he reclined upon the arm which had shed his blood, and, with fainting steps, returned to the city.—He had not seen the serpent, nor heard the condition by which their lives were preserved; but possessed that rooted confidence in his friend, that, with all these appearances to create suspicion, he entertained not the least doubt of his love and fidelity.—And without a similar confidence, added the youthful Nabob, there can be no real friendship.”

The wild virtue of the young man pleased me; and the spirit with which he delivered his story, especially the concluding sentiment of it, will never be forgotten.—Oh, Yorick! what a tale would you make of it, had you been present to have heard his enraptured language, and seen his expressive gestures!—How would the glowing imagination of this Indian *fabulist* have been described by you in the warmest colours of nature!—Mine is but a faint and

and inaccurate outline ; but a hint is sufficient for a great master, and I leave it with you.

Confidence is undoubtedly the keystone of that arch which unites two kindred hearts, and enables them to bear together the weighty burden of life ; but it must be formed in early life, and confirmed by early experience, or it will not maintain its ground against the delusions and falsehood of more advanced years.—It is too late to think of cementing a perfect Friendship when the world is known, and suspicion becomes a kind of virtue.—Confidence, to use Lord *Chatbam's* beautiful expression, is a plant which grows not in an aged bosom, if the seed is not sown in days of youth.—The capacity for Friendship, which some possess in a very superior degree, must arise from an early and well-placed confidence, which has fitted and disposed the mind to exercise this honourable virtue with discretion and wisdom.—But, though there are many circumstances which aid this principle of  
Friend-

Friendship ; though concurrent desire, and kindred enquiries, tend very much to promote it ; an equality of situation seems to be the most necessary to its security and duration. An entire confidence will very rarely exist between those whose condition is unequal. Difference of rank demands different society, and requires different employments. These will naturally produce an opposite bias in the mind ; from thence will arise difference of opinion and sentiment, &c. : so that, however the natural dispositions might be calculated to produce Friendship, these general obstacles will most certainly turn them aside from their first and early direction.—

Though there may be an entire sameness of principle in men of distinct ranks and fortunes, yet the different means of applying them will be sufficient to prevent that free, unrestrained, and perfect conjunction of opinion, which is indispensably necessary to form and compleat a real and disinterested Friendship.

I have

I have heard you mention, that, in your tour through Italy, you met with two brothers, musical performers, who carried the consonancy of their tempers and inclinations so far, that even in their dress, to the very buttons and buckles, they exactly resembled each other.—They were excellent musicians, you told me, but their excellence was never so conspicuous as when they performed together: in short, they seemed to be governed, in every action of their lives, by one and the same principle.—I remember you also informed me, that this strict union had prevailed through every part of a long life, as they were then upwards of three-score years of age; and that it was generally supposed, by those who knew them best, that, when Death seizes upon the one, the other will soon resign himself to the same destroying power.—I have often thought, with no inconsiderable pleasure, of these two happy brothers; and, had I been a man, should most certainly have made a pilgrimage to see them.—

How



How did it happen that they had not a place in your sentimental journey?—But I recollect, and it is very strange indeed that I did not recollect before, that you have not yet, in your sentimental travels, reached Italy. Whenever you do, I doubt not but these rare examples of unalienable affection will make an interesting page.

Oh!—what an heavenly treasure is that physician of the mind, a true friend!—one who discovers the wants which lie at the very bottom of your heart, and spares you the pain of discovering them; whose bosom is open to your complaints; who, while he doubles the portion of your joys, divides the burthen of your sorrows; who affords consolation in distress, advice in exigency, relief in necessity, support in weakness; and whose constancy will remain firm and invincible, whether present or absent,—in prosperity or adversity, in life or in death!

During

During the short, too short period of our acquaintance, such a friend, Yorick! you have been to me. Oh! continue your Friendship, I pray and beseech you. Let not absence quench a flame so honourable, so important to *Eliza*. Let your counsels follow me to the distant world whither I am going, while your goodness defends me from evil tongues in that country which I leave behind me. But wherefore do I request what you have promised to perform?—I confide in your word; I confide in your benevolence; I confide in your justice!—and, to compleat your Friendship to me, I doubt not, but when you breathe forth a prayer to Heaven for yourself,——you will remember.

ELIZA.

*The*

*The Madeiras.*

I HAVE been four days in producing the last article of my journal, and, on an attentive perusal of it, I not only find it to be a very incoherent, desultory piece of business, but that I have absolutely forgotten the principal design with which I took up my pen. Can you, Yorick, forgive this long, rambling discussion of I know not what?—However, if it fatigues or tires you,—my friend must thank himself,—as I have his absolute commands, under his own hands, to write any-thing and every-thing to him.——To proceed then—

My primary intention was to offer something in favour of my own sex, and to vindicate them from the mortifying charge that they are incapable of Friendship to each other.—Of this I have hitherto said nothing! But you must pass over this inattention and forgetfulness of mine; they will serve to exercise that indulgence  
which

which I have a right to claim from you, and which you will find too frequent occasion, I fear, to grant, in the course of my correspondence with you.—But I wrote this essay, or whatever you may please to call it, at different times, and always took up the subject from the last sentence, proceeding without any regard to the former parts of it, and totally neglectful of my original design. Thus I hurried on, till I had spun out the whole stock of my flimsy lucubrations. However, with your leave, I will imitate the fashionable practice of musical performers, who, when they have compleated their subject, fly off, as it were, into a thousand distant divisions and variations, and then return to it again with new effect. In short, I'll endeavour to play the *rondeau* with you, and bring you back, after my variations, to the first matter I proposed for my consideration.

Women are incapable of a real Friendship with each other!—

This



This is my text,—and I will borrow the beginning of one of your favourite sermons—“ That I deny ! ”—But do me the favour to hear a poor woman’s reasonings upon it.

The general instability of human happiness is a subject which has employed the pens and eloquence of the greatest philosophers, moralists, and orators, in all ages. Even Friendship, whereon mankind are so disposed to rest for joy in prosperity, and consolation in adversity,—this balm of life is often found to disappoint our hopes, and to fall short of those fond expectations which early life had promised to fulfil. But while we look, with regret, to particular examples of Friendship ill requited, or disinterested kindness well repaid, among the men, we cannot, without concern, attend to the general observation, that there never existed one single example of a perfect and disinterested Friendship among women.

History

History affords us numberless authentic accounts of the purest and most exalted exercise of this passion between men.— The pen of the historian has been delighted to trace its heroic ardor, and the poet has invoked every muse to inspire him when it has been his theme. Indeed, there are no events which give so pleasing a decoration to the annals of time, as the glorious efforts of the different sexes for each other. Perhaps, in the career of love, women have outgone the most generous exertions of the stronger sex: but, while we view them, with pleasure, exercising their various powers and extensive influence to prove their zeal and affection for their parents, their lovers, husbands, and their children, the satisfaction dies away when we look, in vain, for any striking example of affection for each other.

Women have governed great and extensive empires; they have swayed the sceptre of royal dominion, honoured and  
revered

revered by an admiring world.—*Britain* was glutted with conquest and renown during the female reigns; *Austria* has been preserved, and still continues to be governed with consummate wisdom by the Empress-Queen; and *Russia* owes to a female mind its present amazing and stupendous state of prosperity and glory. In the realms of literature, female genius has acquired immortal fame; learning and the fine arts, whether in criticism, ethics, poetry, history, and painting, have received acknowledged advantage and embellishments from female professors. Domestic life owes every energy it possesses, and every comfort it affords, to their influence;—and private conversation would lose its brightest charms, and most alluring pleasures,—its decencies and its elegance, if they did not mingle in it. Tenderneſs, compassion, and benevolence, are supposed to be more particularly incorporated in their frame and disposition; and, as the poet has observed, Heaven, to make them

appear more amiable, has adorned them with tears.

Women, then, have been found equal to the arduous task of government. Learning and the fine arts are indebted to their labours. They are faithful, nay, often heroic in love; sincere in piety, dutiful children, fond parents, and pleasing companions. They are kind and compassionate in the various offices which administer to the necessities of others. In the exercise of these honourable duties, a difference of sex does not seem to be considered; and their charity, as far as my observation has reached, seems rather to preponderate to the necessities of their own.——But here my pen flags: it is unwilling to proceed, and is scarce able to write,—that, in generous Friendship to each other, women have been found universally defective.—Indeed, to come at once to the point, I never knew or have read of an example of a woman's voluntary resignation of a favoured lover to another;



ther ; or, whenever it has taken place by compulsion, without harbouring some secret wishes of spleen and envy, which will not find an apology in any circumstance or situation.

I think my friend will allow, at least, that I have stated the matter with candour ; and I hope the same spirit will influence my further reasonings upon the subject.

The objects of men, as they proceed in life, are many and various.—A thousand avenues are open for them, and they are at liberty to enter that which best suits their tastes and inclinations ; while women have but one, which is a settlement for life,—or, in other words, an husband. —This is the great end of their education ; this is the origin of their qualifications and accomplishments : the art of pleasing is learned for this end ; and beauty is carefully guarded from injury, and taught to adorn itself in the most becoming manner, for this purpose. From

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hence

hence it happens that female education is such a strange and injudicious mixture of internal and external improvements; and the latter, being more easy, pleasant, and generally attractive, than the former, becomes the most favourite employment. You cannot, therefore, be surprized that dress is thought to be such an important article for consideration in the female world, and the improvement of the mind so often yields to the assiduities of the toilette. Hence it is that children catch the spreading contagion, and boarding-schools are so well acquainted with bickerings, feuds, and envious competitions about show and finery.——Nay, what is the varying fashion of female dress, but the art of an aspiring beauty, who dares adopt some new-fangled ornament, which she thinks more becoming to her particular features, than those which are prescribed by the prevailing mode? The love of admiration is, without doubt, very prevalent in our sex; but it is only secondary to this grand view of our lives.

Women,

Women, therefore, having but one object, are all competitors, and, whenever they interfere with each other, Jealousy will arise; a monster that blasts every social affection, and calls forth the malevolent passions to enjoyment.—To the prevalency of competition it is owing that we so seldom see

Those who can bear a sister's charms, or hear  
Sighs for a daughter with unwounded ear.

But where this is not the case, the mother is too often seen to pursue another plan. She enters into the competitions of the daughter, supports her superior pretensions, and joins in degrading those who claim an equal pre-eminence.—How common a thing it is to see the vain parent decorating her child in the display of her own ornaments; and placing those baits for admiration on her daughter, which, in former days, had succeeded so well on herself! How often does the maternal casket supply new fuel to the rising flame of

youthful vanity, while the mother's flattering fondness fans it into a blaze!——

This is truth, melancholy truth, which observation and experience daily confirm.

You will think, I fear, that more than sufficient has already been written upon the subject; it would, therefore, be very idle in me to trouble you with the discipline of boarding-schools, the ordinary sentiments and characters of private governesses, and the mistaken counsels of parental vanity. They all tend to this grand, principal object,—an husband. This is the sum of good in female estimation: their happiness rests upon this attainment,—nay, their honour also;—for disgrace, such is the general opinion of the world, after a certain period of life, attends the unmarried state. An antiquated virgin, however unjustly, in the common acceptation, is a title as much, if not more, despised and avoided, than if  
crime



crime and immorality were connected with it.

So many and such a variety of objects start up, as it were, to fix the choice and engage the attention of men, that their competitions are comparatively speaking, but few in number:—they may, therefore, find continual and various springs of social virtue, which are free from all contaminations of interest.——If one object of pursuit fails, they may have recourse to another, which will afford them equal means of exercising the social affections; and if the early part of life should play them false, their prospects are not entirely obscured, and a more advanced age may satisfy their desires.—The proverb says, that Two of a trade never agree; but it goes no farther: nay, it strongly implies, that, where particular interests do not interfere, where the grand view of life is not opposed, Friendship and cordial agreement is natural to all.—But women have one only object, and the ex-

pectations of attaining it naturally expire with youth and beauty. Besides, it is a common error in parents, during their life, to give their children an appearance beyond the fortunes they will receive at their death, and, thereby, add to the eagerness of attainment. It is no wonder, therefore, under the circumstances I have mentioned, that an anxiety to obtain the great and sole object of their hopes and wishes should operate to the same total obstruction of Friendship between individuals of the female sex, as happens between men who have the same views and particular interests.

The hero who dies fighting by the side of his friend, loses his life,—but he preserves his honour, and encreases his fame: these were the objects of his ambition, and life was considered as a trifle in the purchase. The fond youth who resigned the idol of his soul to his friend, gave her to him to whom her affections longed to give herself; she was the object  
of

of all his tenderest wishes,—she was his sum of good ; his earthly happiness was concentrated in her : but, when he finds that an union with him would blast her happiness, and deprive his friend of life, another principle takes possession of his breast, and he yields to the impulse of another sentiment. Believe me, my Yorick, I do not mean to tarnish the lustre of actions truly glorious ; I do not wish to lessen the fame of those exalted beings who have directed their hopes and fears with wisdom. My design goes no farther than to paint sublunary Nature as it is, and to preserve, as well as I am able, the happy medium between divine elevation and degrading brutality.

My conclusion, then, is evident, and, I trust, satisfactory—That the superiority of the men, and the inferiority of the women, in the article of Friendship, does not arise from advantages of Nature, but from difference of situation. Particular interests affect particular men, while one

universal interest engages all women-kind. Thus the incapacity of women for Friendship with each other may be said to spring from the same cause which incapacitates men who are governed by the same interests: and, I doubt not, if one general competition engaged the men, they must plead equally guilty to this heavy charge against the women;—they would be alike deficient in the great social affection of Friendship.

I am serious when I declare that this is my real opinion: I do not wish to be fallacious; and, if I did, my small share of ingenuity would not be sufficient to hide the fallacy, at least from such a keen and penetrating mind as yours. If, therefore, you think me trifling, pardon me;—if I am wrong, correct me;—if I am right, applaud me. Your forgiveness will encourage my weakness, your correction will encrease my knowledge, and your applause will ennoble the virtue of

Your ELIZA.

*The*



*The Madeiras.*

I AM pleased, my dear friend, with my new character.—My last letter was a criticism, if you will allow it such a respectable title, upon both the sexes; and now, like a judicious critic, I shall descend from generals to individuals:—my present letter will have a subject of no less importance than yourself.

I do not recollect whether I mentioned my opinion to you, but I have always thought that the author of *Tristram Shandy* must possess a genius exquisitely adapted to the restoration of Comedy, which, like painting upon glass, seems to be almost entirely lost.—The *Jealous Wife* gave us some hopes of seeing the Comic Muse in her proper dress; but our expectations have not been gratified, and the Stage continues to teem with dramatic productions of little or no merit.—Your knowledge of human nature and the world; your  
quick

quick eye to the singularities of character; your judgment in contrasting them; your power of grouping, with your wit, sentiment, and language—must qualify you to attain the highest degree of excellence in this difficult species of composition. I really am surprized that you never thought of it: nay, it is impossible but such an idea must oftentimes have pressed home upon you; and when it did, how could you resist the impulse? How and wherefore was it that you did not immediately sit down before your writing-table, and, after a due invocation to *Tbalia*, weave such scenes as would always have instructed, sometimes melted, and, not seldom, put the theatre in a roar.

I have not the least doubt, my good Yorick, but the Comic Muse would prefer a flirtation of this kind with you, to any other man living. You have had your connections with her already, as all the the world well knows; but I wish to hear of her having passed a whole summer with you.

you. You would give the lively huffey a new dress, which she would find so very becoming, that I doubt not but she would immediately offer to be your handmaid, on condition that you will give her a new gown every year. I wish you had made the bargain with her, with all my heart; though, perhaps, Mrs. ——— might not be without her jealousy upon the occasion; and formal people be disposed to broach a little scandal at your having so lovely a damsel under the same roof with you. Lovely she is, indeed, if her picture is like her!— and the pencil of *Reynolds* is not used to fail. She most certainly left Parnassus, and ventured here incog. that she might have her portrait drawn by so great a master. I dare to say Sir *Josbua* had at least three sittings; though he will not acknowledge it, because the confession might take from the merit of the invention. But that I have hit upon the truth there is not the least doubt; and I verily believe that *Garrick* is in the secret: and  
if

if I were ever to see either of these Gentlemen, I would tell them so.

I never knew, or even heard it suggested, that you had ever written, or thought of writing, either a Tragedy, a Comedy, or a Farce; and, though you might never do either of them, I pronounce you to be one of the first dramatic writers of this age and nation.—Your sermons, especially the third and fourth volume, have a very dramatic cast; and your other works abound with scenes so finely painted, that, as I have been reading some of them, methought I saw Shakespeare's ghost stalking by me. There is but one *Garrick* in the world; and I think Mr. *Shandy*, *Uncle Toby*, Corporal *Trim*, nay, not to forget Dr. *Slop*, would find a just representation alone in his unrivalled and universal powers. I would as soon hear that great actor read some parts of *Tristram*, as see him on the stage; and this assertion approaches as near to an hyperbole as is possible without an absolute deviation from truth.

The



The generality of modern comedies consist of three or four characters, or not so many, that are to attract notice, while the rest are a kind of dramatic expletives, which do not pretend to originality, and are introduced merely to fill up the piece; so that, if the principal parts are cast with care and attention, the rest are of little consequence, as they are commonly suited to any actors, and any actors to them. But, if I do not err greatly in my judgment, the most trifling of your scenes would require real actors to support them: if but ten words were to be spoken, it is not a Mr. —, or Mrs. —, or a Miss —, who would be qualified to do the business, though they sometimes are suffered to undertake parts of length and consequence. I very well know, that, if your scenes *were* in danger of being misrepresented, your nice strokes of character unobserved, your wit confounded, and your sense puzzled, by those who had neither character, wit, nor sense, you would give the play a Roman funeral, and smile over the flames

flames which preserved it from being mangled by unblushing blockheads. But do not let a fear of this or any kind discourage you ! Particular exigencies, and unexpected situations, have frequently called talents into action, which would otherwise have lain concealed for ever, unknown to the world, and even to the unconscious possessor of them. A Comedy of yours, if it did not find actors, might make them.—Oh, Yorick ! if it were possible, how should I delight to sit by you, as you were writing your play, and, like *Moliere's* Old Woman, if I had her feelings, be the touchstone of its merit.—But that cannot be ! And this reflection, if I indulge it for a moment, would damp all the little spirits I have mustered to write this letter : indeed, they already droop, and I must have done. But, that I may not quit my subject to the last,—receive a dramatic valediction ; and, in the language of *Hamlet's* Ghost, —Farewel, —remember me !

ELIZA.

*Madeiras.*

*Madeiras.*

AT length, my best and ever-honoured friend, I am arrived at the concluding article of this voluminous letter.—You will not, I trust, think it too long, since it proceeds from your *Eliza*; and she wishes still to add to it, if an opportunity were allowed her,—as she may never write to you again. My heart throbs at the reflection; and it is with a sad foreboding anguish of spirit that I am approaching to an adieu which may be my last!

We shall proceed on our voyage tomorrow:—I sit down, therefore, to write a few lines, and say farewell! before I put the seal to my letter. There is not any ship returning for England immediately; so that I must avail myself of our Captain's kindness, who will entrust my dispatches to the care of the same person who is to forward his own.—I make no doubt but my epistolary volume will reach you, and  
tell

tell my dearest Yorick, in every line, how necessary he is to my honour and happiness. Let me, therefore, once more implore you not to trifle, as you frequently have done, with a constitution so precarious as your own!—Guard it, I pray, with every wise precaution, and nurse it with all tenderness; for your health is the health of Eliza.

When I shall renew my writing to you, it is impossible to tell. Perhaps—but no matter;—be it as it may, we must submit to that which is thought best for us. However, I shall never fail daily to study your letters, &c.—and, if I live till we get under the influence of the Trade Winds, I will avail myself of their steady current to begin another page of my journal. Oh! that I already felt them blow.

Hasten, I beseech you, the voyage of the bustos. How I shall love them! Precious, very precious will they be to me. In possessing them, your pictures, and  
your



your letters, I shall be mistress of an invaluable treasure; I shall have your features, your countenance, and the sentiments of your heart, continually with me. My memory must supply the rest; a memory in which your uncommon goodness, your inestimable friendship, your amazing talents, in short, your whole self is so deeply imprinted, that the lamp of human reason must be quite extinguished in me ere I can forget you: and, even at the last, when life's expiring flame hovers over the socket, and every moment threatens a departure, while the last spark of light remains, the faint forms of my children and my Yorick will dance before me, till the vapour vanishes, and all is darkness.

You must perceive, my friend, how naturally my affections look to the union of those who are so dear to me!—Yorick, love my children;—and I command them, by the love their mother bears them, to revere and honour you. Surrounded as I am with perils and dangers, and long as  
my

my voyage will be, it may be the last command they may ever receive from her who bore them. Tell them, therefore, to hold it as a sacred, inviolable law, which must not be broken, and that I rest their duty to me on an obedience to it: for ere I could write to them and you again, the ocean may have swallowed their poor mother, and the monsters of the deep have devoured her.

These, these are bitter reflections. I am not able to support them! I can scarce hold my pen to write my blessings and my adieu!

ELIZA.

YORICK

## YORICK to ELIZA.

*London, ———.*

MY last packet, which is to overtake thee, my *Eliza*, at the *Madeiras*, has been dispatched these three weeks and better, and I have not written one line of that which is to follow you to *India*.——But I would not dedicate common hours to thee, or write to the best and tenderest of women, but when I was myself in the best and tenderest of dispositions.——I have heard or read somewhere of a 'people who never worshipped their Deity but when the sun shone bright, and Nature seemed to smile upon their devotions.——I adopt this sentiment most sincerely with respect to thee; and, in my cheerless and cloudy

dy hours, will never lay an offering of love upon thine altar.—And though, some how or other, the noontide beams, of late, have seldom shone upon me, I have, nevertheless, I hope, warmth enough left to justify the renewal of my Journal. —Indeed, the very idea of this business seems to inspire me, and my idle pen already grows impatient to dash on its way.

You must know, then, I find myself frequently disposed,—for want, perhaps, of better employment; or, as may be the case at this time, to ease or give play to the feelings of my heart,—to ejaculate, for an hour together, upon any subject which occurs, whether he or she, brute or inanimate:—and sometimes I have been so satisfied, and in such good humour with my exertations of this nature, that I have wished to have had them written down upon paper, for the purpose of good and amusement to the world; and also—for I will own it, and why should I not—the giving



giving an additional importance—I meant to say weight—to my own purse—which, in a world like this, where a man's consequence seems to rise and fall according to the influence of the pecuniary barometer,—at least with ninety and nine out of an hundred,—is a very prudent consideration.

You see already, my dear Eliza, that I do not write for myself, but for others:—however, such a simple conduct, though it may sometimes answer to a being so whimsical as I am, would be the ruin of thousands, and tens of thousands, were it to become a general practice;—which God forbid.

I have often told you, Eliza,—and you have no reason to doubt me, though I should tell it you again and again,—that I love mankind. I really wish them well:—and, though I have been so abused and pelted, and, what is worse, so palavered by thousands of them, I really wish  
 them

them well;—for I wish them more real understanding, and better hearts.

And now, methinks, I hear a croud of clever men,—who, by the bye, may be very bad men into the bargain,—cry out and exclaim, “And what, my good Sir, have the Heart and the Understanding to do with each other?”—Do, my dear Gentlemen, possess yourselves with a little of that patience which you must suppose that I possess, by addressing such a question to me;—and do you also, my Eliza, cast an eye of patience upon me, while I postpone my ejaculation for a page or two, in order to settle the matter with these misunderstanding spirits.

And I say, my good Critics, that they have every-thing to do with each other. Nay, Sirs,—the idea may be a novelty to you, and I believe it is; but be assured, nevertheless, that there is no such thing as Understanding without this Goodness of Heart.—The latter may, and does sometimes,

times, exist without receiving any remarkable assistance from the former; and the errors, which we continually behold, of simple and ingenuous minds, are the examples of it.—But where they are both in compleat union, there you may look for the perfection of the human character,—and find it. But the truth is, you mistake your meaning, and look upon Understanding and Abilities as synonymous terms.—I have a shrewd suspicion that you are all of you in the wrong, like most people who are in the wrong, for want of a little examination into what you say or do.—Now, if I am not very much out of my guessing humour, I should think that Abilities—I speak intellectually—are certain powers of the mind, capable of attaining certain ends, more or less. And I shall give it as my opinion, that the principle which regulates and directs them to their proper ends, is the Understanding; which, if you have ever been on board a ship, you must well know, resembles an helm or rudder, which, however necessary

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the sails, ropes, pullies, &c. may be, is the sole guide of the vessel, and without whose assistance there would be an utter impossibility of conducting it on its destined course.—Now, Gentlemen, this Understanding,—you may call it Judgment, if you like it better,—being connected with Goodness of Heart, becomes a good Understanding, or a good Judgment, and must, of course, dispose the feelings and talents of men to fit and proper objects.

That the world takes an infinite deal of pains to teaze people out of their Goodness of Heart, by taking advantage of its simplicity and pure intentions, before the Understanding is fully ripened and improved, or while it is asleep—is a truth—at the thought whereof I heave a sigh,—and whereat you laugh.—But I do declare, in spite of all your Reverences can say or do against it, that I had rather be the most arrant dupe that artful Villainy ever made, and suffer all the distress the most



most arrant dupe ever suffered, than owe Prosperity—if elevation in life, obtained by such means, can be called Prosperity---to the base arts of betraying a fellow-creature who puts his or her trust in me.

I add the feminine gender upon the occasion, because I see so much misery, vice, and horror, in the hourly practice of deluding the unsuspecting and tender-hearted of the weaker sex.---How has my heart bled at the sorrowful tale of aged parents, who had bred up one only daughter to be their support and comfort in the winter of life, when they weeping told me, that the spoiler had come,---cropped the flower they had been so long in rearing,---wore it in his bosom for a few hours,---and then cast it away to rot they knew not where;---for they had trod many a weary step, and searched in vain, to save it from entire destruction!---And how often, nay, almost always, is this spoiler a Man of Understanding!---Your kind pardon, Gentle-

men,—I mean a Man of Knowledge and Abilities.—But Knowledge employed in teaching others error, and Abilities exercised in imposing upon those who do not possess them, shews how necessary Goodness of Heart is to guide our Knowledge and Abilities to concerns of real utility and honour.

—And now, my kind Critics, you will ask, for you are an inquisitive race——Interrogation, I well know, is your province; and Heaven forbid I should turn the blind out of the way, or, rather,—for I think the metaphor is more apt,—blow out the only taper a man has to enlighten his dark lantern withal;—I say, you will ask me, and I am not surprized at the question,—what this Goodness of Heart is, and wherein it consists?

I know not what religion you are of,—though, for your own sakes, some wishes escape me as I write;—but I am a Christian, and, as such, am ever willing to communicate

municate to others whatever I possess,—money, when I have any in my purse,—and knowledge, when I have any in my brains.—If, therefore, the spirit of definition is not gone from me, I shall be most glad to tell you what this Goodness of Heart is: for, if you never knew anything about the matter,—it is right and fitting you should; and it will be christian in me to tell you: and, if you have forgot, which I should rather hope to be the case, it will not be doing you any harm,—on the contrary, I trust, much good,—to bring it back to your recollection.

—It is, in general, I believe, considered as a great susceptibility of impressions from the joy or misery of our fellow-creatures,—and, indeed, of all creatures.—But this is not all—tho' wherefore should I go on defining, when there is one single word which will comprehend all that I can say upon the subject, and that is Benevolence,—and if you must have a definition of that also,—I am sorry for you.

—However, it is a very good thing, believe me; and, to shew my love for you, I leave it with you, and much good may it do you, and so on:—for I shall proceed to thee, my Eliza,—who art the child of it, —and hasten to the ejaculation which I promised thee.

#### EJACULATION TO A SOPHA.

—How is it,—thou wonted parent of repose!—that I no longer can find rest upon thee!—What has mingled with thy downy softness, that such a restless spirit bestirs itself within me, while I recline upon it! But, surely, dullness has spread its mantle over me that I should ask the question!—Alas, my eyes turn their glances to the right, and they do not see Eliza:—I look to the left, and she is not beside me.—Every chequer in thy covering reminds me of the lovely being whose patient form has been so often stretched upon it,—sometimes pale with sickness,—and sometimes presenting to me the picture of a sleeping angel!—How often



often have thy pillows been pressed by her cheeks! Alas, how often have they been wet with her tears! and as I have sat beside her, my handkerchief has robbed them of many a sacred drop.—This was luxury indeed!—for they were the tears of Virtue.

Yes, thou favoured couch!—I will take thee to my sanctuary, and place thee there;—and when the duplicity of mankind shall plant disgust in my breast, or the follies they are so fond of bring lassitude along with them, I will retire to thee and to myself,—and when I have stretched myself upon thee, Eliza's spirit shall come and comfort me.—Or when I wish to rob this gouty world of its spleen,—when I would give courage to innocence and a blushing cheek,—I should rather say a bleeding heart to daring villainy,—then will I seek thy resting-place,—and the spirit of Eliza shall inspire me!

——Thus you have it, my dear girl,

warm from the brain—But what base idea beguiles me, that I should write a word which has nothing to do with it!—I mean, warm from my heart, Eliza.—Accept this, and every-thing I shall ever write to thee, as such;—and, when I am dead, have recourse to them, when the kindness and the counsel of the living fail thee.—It will be a great comfort to me while I live, to think, that thus, at least, I shall be with thee, though I am in my grave,—and that, when I am dead, I shall still continue to speak peace to my Eliza.

Good night, my child!——I was now going to proceed with a sincere wish that thy guardian-angel might smooth thy pillow for thee, when a sudden recollection informs me, that, though it be night with me, the sun shines, probably, in its meridian brightness upon you.—Let us then, Eliza, avail ourselves of our different days; and, if thou wilt think of thy Yorick all thy day,—I will contemplate the idea of my Eliza through every stage of mine;—

so

so that there will be scarcely an hour in the twenty-four but thou wilt be thinking of me,—or I of thee.—And there is sentiment in all this, which I am certain you feel; and which I would not lose the power of feeling, and the capacity of enjoying, for the brightest diadem which ever glittered on the brow of royalty.—So fare thee well,—and may God bless thee, now and always!

Amen.

*Wednesday Morning.*

I mean to tell thee a tale which will do thy heart good, Eliza.—I should have done it before, but I have not, for some time past, found myself in a frame of mind to do it as I ought 'till this morning.—It is a very sentimental story,—and on that account I dedicate it to thee.

## THE NOSEGAY.

About three weeks ago, as I was taking my morning's walk, a young woman met me on the way, who in a gentle and persuasive tone of voice entreated me to buy a nosegay of her,—and, as she framed her petition, the damsel opened a small band-box, which she carried under her arm, and discovered half a dozen boquets composed of flowers which were not yet in season. Though she was very pretty, and I was going to visit Lady B——, I had resolved to purchase one before I had considered her beauty, or reflected that this vernal offering would make my visit to Lady B—— more gracious.—There was a certain softness of expression and gentleness of spirit, which appeared so visible in the character of the girl, that the moment she began to make her petition,—I was resolved to grant it.

There have been moments of my life—  
I am



I am ashamed to say it—when I should have drawn my purse from my pocket with reluctance, to have given a poor, miserable daughter of distress five shillings for a few flowers; and, when I had done it, gone on my way dissatisfied with myself,—railing at Art and Luxury, and offering up fifty dirty ejaculations to Nature—But I was now awake to better feelings!—and I do declare, in the awful name of Truth, that I have seldom experienced higher satisfaction than when I put two half-crowns into the damsel's hand, and received, with the nosegay, a courtesy and look of acknowledgement which were worth more than I could bestow upon her.

I never in my life was led by my feelings to make any little temporary deviations from what is called common prudence, but I was, some how or other, more than recompensed by the events to which they conducted me.—Nature does not scatter her beauties on either side of the way

way in vain ;—and he who travels on without turning to the right or to the left, loses many a beautiful prospect, and a thousand delicious scenes, which must be ever hidden from their eyes whose dispositions do not lead them, now and then, to turn aside from the strait road of life.——I wish to be happy,—and, while these wanderings of the affection give that colour and variety which add so much to the happiness of life, I shall continue some times to indulge them ;—being persuaded that I shall build my comforts upon better and more certain principles than one half of those whom Envy suspects to be happy.

Having received the flowers, and purchased a sheet of writing-paper to wrap round them,—that their freshness might not be affected by the warmth of my hand,—I proceeded on my walk in perfect good-humour with myself, and, of course, with all the world ;—when, as I was crossing a small court, I was almost stunned with the vociferous exclamation of a man  
who

who was crying his rabbits, some of which were hanging from each end of a pole that balanced upon his shoulder.——

The singular cry of the man drew my attention ; and I immediately observed that my nosegay had attracted his.——As I drew nearer to him, his eyes seemed to be riveted to the flowers ;—and when I raised them towards my head to enjoy their fragrance, he raised his eyes also.

When I had passed him, I could not refrain from looking back to see whether this extraordinary attention was continued, when I observed that he was following me. I therefore stood still ; and, as he approached me, he cried out, “ May God in  
“ Heaven bless you, Sir, and never wound  
“ your heart with the sorrows which have  
“ pierced mine ! ”—I am afraid, honest friend, replied I, that the benevolence of thy wish for me arises from a very deep sense of thine own misery. What may it be ?—“ Alas, Sir,” answered he, “ those  
“ flowers, I believe, would restore my Jen-  
“ ny

“ny to life! She has talked of nothing.  
 “but roses all this morning, and I think.  
 “the smell of them might do her good!  
 “—Do, Sir, for Heaven’s sake, bestow  
 “them on her! Who knows but they  
 “may revive her;—if not, I will strew  
 “them over her grave.”——I instantly  
 put the nosegay into his hand:—he thank-  
 ed me with a flood of tears, and hastened  
 towards the street. I pursued his steps,  
 not knowing whither I went, till, after  
 sometime, he entered an house, and, when  
 he had given his rabbits to a girl of about  
 thirteen years of age, who sat weeping at  
 the bottom of the stairs, I followed him  
 into a small room, where a woman was  
 lying in a bed without curtains, and, to  
 all appearance, entirely senseless.——An  
 old nurse sat by the bed-side, and was flap-  
 ping the flies from off the sick person’s face  
 with a feather.——As the poor man en-  
 tered the room, “I have flowers,” said  
 he, “for thee, my Jenny!——Thou  
 “didst call for roses this morning, and  
 “Heaven has sent thee some to comfort  
 “and



“and refresh thee.”——He then kneeled down by the bed-side, and held the flowers to her nose,—and then put them into her hand,—and then laid them upon her bosom, and, fetching a deep sigh, he kissed her.——“Dear heart!” said the nurse, “she did indeed rave this morning, and talk of flowers and roses;—but the poor soul will never speak again;—the hand of Death is now upon her.”

The poor man appeared to be wholly inattentive to what was said;—and now he looked at his wife,—and then at the nosegay,—and then again at his wife,—till, at length, as he was waving the flowers over her with an air of consolation, a leaf fell from one of the roses, and rested upon her cheek, pale with death.——It was a melancholy contrast,—and he felt all the force of it; for, after endeavouring to speak, but in vain, he burst into such an agony of grief, that I could no longer support it.——I immediately left the afflicting scene, and had traversed many streets before I awoke from

from the deep impressions it had made upon my spirits.—I then tried to measure back my way, but in vain.—On the next day I returned with a friend; but, notwithstanding the most assiduous industry, we could not discover the poor man's habitation.—I then employed a person to watch in the court where I first saw him, for a whole week; but this endeavour also proved fruitless. And I cannot drive from me the melancholy apprehension, that, when he lost his Jenny, he lost his senses,—or is since dead of a broken heart!

Well, Eliza! does my story please thee?  
 ——I know it does; for methinks I hear thee, in the sweetest tone, thank me for it again and again.—And, though thou art at such a sad and immense distance from me, I see thee weep as thou dost read it!  
 ——I view thy tears taking their tender course adown thy cheek, ere they fall upon the paper.—Oh! may they never  
 flow

flow——but I am interrupted,—and must content myself with an hasty adieu.

*Sunday Evening.*

THIS, Eliza, will be a serious and an awful page.—I am just come from the grave of a friend, who, some few days before he died, sent for me, and begged it as a last request, if it should please Heaven to take him away, that I would perform the last melancholy office over his cold remains, and pronounce beside his grave, —“Ashes to ashes, and dust to dust.”—This command I have most righteously obeyed.—On my return home, I retired to my chamber, and wept and grew calm; and thought I could not do better, nay so well, as to sit down and continue my Journal to thee, and pour forth the solemn reflections of my bosom to my Eliza.

It may appear strange to relate,—but,  
whilst

whilst I was contemplating the virtues of my departed friend, with the great loss I had sustained in his death, and was proceeding, by degrees, to reconcile myself to the event,—my thoughts turned, I know not how, suddenly upon thee;—and I saw thee, as it were, pale and in thy shroud before me.—It was the phantasy of a sickly moment, and passed hastily away.—But be assured, my child, that, if Heaven should take thee to itself before me,—and thou shouldst die in England,—thy children shall support me as thy chief mourner;—and, having followed thee to the tomb, I will perform those sacred rites over thy grave, which will soon after be performed at mine.—Heaven, I trust and hope, will give me strength to bear, with a patient resignation, every sorrow which its righteous hand deals forth against me:—but it would, I fear, go hard with my poor frame, if thy Yorick should be called to see thee for the last time,—and to scatter the rosemary upon thy cold bosom.

Gracious



Gracious Heaven!—if, amid the trials that await me, it is decreed that I am to meet this dreadful hour,—support me in thy mercy,—give me strength to support myself,—and to be calmly resigned to that Wisdom which best knows when to give and when to take away.

—And here, my Eliza! while the idea rests upon my mind, I shall make a request to thee, which I desire thou wilt consider as a sacred and indispensable duty to fulfil;——which is, That, if I should die before thou arrivest in England,—as is most likely to be the case,—thou wilt immediately enquire out my grave,—and make a pilgrimage to it,—and sit down beside it,—and, weeping over the dust of thy Yorick and thy friend, confirm, by the contemplation thereof, thine own good resolutions to follow his counsels through the rest of thy days.——This sad, but affectionate proof of thy love to me, will do thee good,—comfort thy spirits,—sanctify thy sorrows,—and embalm the  
memory

memory of thy faithful Yorick in thy heart.

—Alas, my dear child ! we are as water spilled upon the ground, which cannot be gathered up again.——This is a true state of the case ;——and we shall, most assuredly, fall, to rise no more in this world.——Let us, then, so shape our course that we may rise in a better !——Death, which has robbed me of my friend, will soon rob my few friends of me !——And I, Eliza, who have this evening been mourning for another, may, ere a few hours are past, require mourners for myself.——There is no moment but the fatal shaft may arrive which carries death in its wing !——There is no day of festive pleasure which may not conclude with the solemnity of our funerals !——Nay, the slumbers of this night may conduct me to sleep eternal !

—Heaven, have mercy upon me !

The

The grim Tyrant has been close at my heels for many years ! Thrice have I crossed the seas, and sheltered myself from his cold hand amid the beams of a southern sun.—Now, I have laughed him away ; and, sometimes, I have laid bare my breast to him with such a patient and contented spirit,—that, as if he relented, his uplifted arm has slackened at once,—and turned from me.—You too, my child, have seen him approach ;—you have beheld him stalking in the Indian blast, and rise, with threatening aspect, from the bosom of the Ocean.

As we are walking arm in arm,—and talking down the summer's sun,—Death strikes the blow ;—and while my friend is describing the beauties of Nature to me with an eloquence which gives them new charms,—he sees them no more,—and his eyes are closed for ever.—This, in reality, once happened to me.—I stood amazed, and almost senseless as the pale form which had bowed itself at my feet.—Immersed  
in

in all the silence of grief the peasants found me;—and while I was led to my chamber,—my friend was stretched upon his bier.

This event opened a wound in my heart which has never been wholly closed.—The pleasures, and, which is the same thing, the follies of the world, have, alas! at times, made me forget it, and many other matters of grave and serious import;—but, in the hour of quiet and silence, it has often furnished me with abundant matter of wholesome reflection—I say, wholesome reflection, Eliza; because, I believe, nay, am certain, that there is not any-thing which sets us so much at ease with respect to the cares of life, as a frequent contemplation of its end.

When I behold the column, which has been erected to perpetuate the hero, mouldering away, my desire of fame becomes extinct.—When I see the tomb of the statesman, ambition dies within me.—  
While



While I contemplate the marble which tells of youth and beauty, I repress my confidence in the one, and feel the other lose its influence.—In short,—when I turn from the sepulchres of the learned and the great, to the sod which covers the peasant and the beggar, I feel the common and equal lot of mortal beings, and look around for my own grave, where I might lay me down to my last repose, and mingle my dust with theirs.

The sensibility of tender minds frequently extends itself even to the caverns of death, and finds a melancholy, pleasing indulgence in the idea of taking our last sleep beside those we love, and mingling our corruption with theirs.—We make it our dying requests, we insert it as a command in our wills, that we shall be laid in the same grave with the objects of our affection.—It may appear to some, perhaps, a strange, fanciful anxiety that extends itself to senseless, putrifying clay; but thy Yorick enters into all the spirit of  
this

this arrangement—and, if I were certain that my Eliza was to become an inhabitant of the same gloomy vault with myself,—I should look on it, as I pass by, with a degree of complacency and satisfaction.

I remember—indeed, I shall never forget it—that in one of my journeys into the North I met the hearse which conveyed the remains of Lord and Lady *Sutherland* to the mausoleum of their ancestors in *Scotland*.—I shall never forget my feelings upon this occasion—they now vibrate at my heart,—and will, I am sure, at times, continue to affect me, till every pulse is stopped, and the wheel of life discontinues the rotation.—They were both young and amiable, and afforded a bright example of noble virtue, connubial love, and domestic happiness.—A violent fever seized him at Bath ;—and she, in her fond attendance upon her Lord, caught the disorder, and died a few hours before him.—In their  
last

last moments they had but one fear,—and that was mutual,——left their respective danger should be known to each other ;—and they both departed in a firm and consolatory persuasion that the other was in a fair way of recovery.

—Here I might paint the joyful surprize which his spirit must be conscious of, on finding hers waiting to welcome his arrival to the realms of Paradise.—Here I might describe the delights——but my fancy has not one bright tint on its pallet ;—it is covered thick with dark and sombre colours,——and my pen is dipped in the very blackness of melancholy :—for the hand on the dial before me points at twelve, and warns me of life's hasty progress ;—it tells me, Eliza, that I may see thee no more!

Thus do the pleasures of this world dance for a few moments before our sight, and then vanish for ever.—I knew thee but to love thee!—and scarce found I loved

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thee

thee before thou art removed away,—and I cannot tell thee of my affection.—But I must acquiesce, my Eliza; and I pray Heaven to give thee strength to do the same, under the insurmountable calamities of life.—So fare thee well!—It is now past midnight.—But Time, which puts an end to this letter, will never put a period to my prayers and wishes for thy honour, and, which is the same thing to souls such as thine, to thy happiness, till he cuts the weak thread of my existence,—and I become an inhabitant of the silent grave,—in whose oblivious bosom even my Eliza must—ah!—must be forgotten.—Adieu!—Adieu!

*Saturday Morning.*

AS I awoke, my Eliza, I bade thee good-morrow,—and the sun shone sweetly upon my salutation.—I have risen in spirits; and, if my lungs were not like an old



old worn-out pair of bellows, I would sing an hymn to thee!---My violoncello too has lost its strings, or I would play it and whistle an accompaniment.—But they are grown so crazy, that little harmony can be drawn from either :—so I e'en take up my pen to try what that can do for us.—It has been a kind friend to me, and, I trust, has and will be so to thee, and make thee both laugh and cry again and again ;—though, on a nearer examination,---I perceive this also is in a sorry condition ;—it is almost worn to the stump :---but, like *Witberington* in the ballad, who knows but it may yet perform some deed of renown before it is thrown aside for ever?

I love an old servant to my heart, whether human or brute, or neither ;—and I would go more miles to see Sir *Roger de Coverley's* old butler, and the dog that howled at the Baronet's death, than to behold e'er an Emperor, King, Prince, or Potentate, in Christendom,---except the

King of England, because he is my own, and I love him :---besides, he is so good a one, and ought to be an eternal exception when foolish people chuse---which, by the bye, is a very easy matter---to fall foul upon crowns and sceptres, and the heads and hands that bear them.

When I enter an old family-mansion, I am dissatisfied, if I do not see a few heads of grey hair in the establishment ;---and, if there are no helmets or long pikes in the hall, I cannot eat my dinner in comfort. ---If a pert powder-monkey of a butler stands at the old side-board, I think the wine is bad ;---and when half a dozen beruffled lacqueys, better drest than myself, come to help me on with my great-coat, I run out of the house with all my speed, and wish it may tumble about their ears.---

I love consistency in every-thing.---If I had a pagoda in my garden, though it might be an hen-house, the man who took  
care

care of the chickens should be dressed like a Chinese;—and if my dairy was built in the form of a Turkish mosque, the good woman who skimm'd the milk and made the cheese should wear the robes of a Mufti. —I have seen modern libraries adorned with every kind of game, and the instruments of their destruction, in stucco;—and, in eating-rooms, books, globes, quadrants, compasses, &c. by wholesale, of the same materials. —But of all the blunders of tasteless artists, or tasteless employers of them,—none can be so absurd as the introducing Grecian columns, &c. into Gothic buildings. —I really lament the case of these fair daughters of antient Art, when I see them in some of our Gothic cathedrals, where they look truly uncomfortable; while the old supporters of the venerable pile seem to pity the foolish figure they make, and frown on the innovating hand that misplaced them there.

I really wish my Eliza could see and

contemplate *York Minster* ; and that *Yorick*, who has a poor prebend, and an ancestor buried in it, could shew it to her.—By the bye, this ancestor was the Arch-bishop of the diocese ;—and I am not ashamed of him neither, any more than I should be of his present successor, who—though he is of a noble family—is a gentleman, a scholar, a man of genius, and a Christian ;—and proves himself to be every one of these characters every day in the year, and will, I am sure, continue to do so, to the end of his life ; which day God forbid I should live to see !—because, if I do, it will be one of the most melancholy days of my whole life :—for I should lose a good and most honourable friend,—human nature an excellent pattern,—the Church of York an able protector,—and the Protestant Church one of its brightest ornaments\*.  
—And now, having given a very just

\* With all due respect to the present Arch-bishop of York, the Editor begs leave to observe, that these Letters were written during the life of his excellent predecessor, Doctor Drummond.

and



and faithful account of the Head of it, I may descend into the Church itself ;---and, whether it is considered as a place appropriated to the solemn worship of the Supreme Being, or an example of Gothic building, I do not believe there is any thing so perfect, in either view, upon the face of the earth.---The whole of this structure is truly great and magnificent ; its parts are beautiful, their arrangement uniform ; and a chastity of ornament, perfect and compleat, pervades even the smallest member of it.---Its grandeur is softened by the most unaffected simplicity ; and these produce a solemnity in the appearance of the whole, that far exceeds any-thing of the same kind I ever felt.——For my own part, I never feel more real devotion than when I am taking a solitary strole up and down the great aisle of it :---and, if I had a story to tell to the world, and wished to do it with uncommon powers,---or aimed at impressing some great and important truth upon mankind with irresistible energy, ---here would I come to beget in me that

frame of mind which would best suit my exalted purpose.

By a variety of favourable and fortunate circumstances, this Beauty of Holiness was preserved from the destroying hand of that *anti-cathedral monster, Oliver Cromwell* :--- and, were I disposed to be superstitious, I could almost believe that the particular favour of Heaven was exerted in preserving so fair a sanctuary for those thoughts which are inspired by itself.

How happy should I be, Eliza, if I were permitted to take thee by the hand, and lead thee through this beautiful temple ;--- and, while you leaned upon my arm, to hear you make your own sweet remarks upon it !—Having done this, I would conduct thee to the tomb of my ancestor,—and then, Eliza, to my own—I mean, my dear, to that spot where I shall desire some kindred spirit to deposit my ashes.—Here it is that I purpose my marble busto shall be placed, as a memorial of me,—with two  
lines,

lines, telling to whom it belongs, and the kind hand that performed this last office or affection.—In this place, Eliza, we would stand together ;—and, while I vaticinated my destiny, you would gently draw your arm from beneath mine,—and, stealing your handkerchief from your pocket, would wipe away the tears which trickled down your cheeks :—and, when you had done it, you would desire, if it was your fate to survive me, that thou mightest add a little tablet of thine own, to be inscribed with thy name.——And so thou shalt, my affectionate girl !—and I will give thee some lines to engrave upon it, which shall tell of thy tenderness and my friendship.

Adieu !—In the beginning of this letter you must have laughed,---and at the close of it I well know that you will weep ;---for so it is with me,---and the tears are now upon my cheek.

——As I wipe them off,—I pray  
the Angel of Pity to stretch forth his  
hand,——and wipe thine away for  
ever!

Thy YORICK.

*Thursday.*

IN the last page I was writing  
about my tomb.——How it hap-  
pened then to slide into my thoughts, I  
cannot tell; unless, as the idea of *Eliza*  
always softens my heart, it is rendered  
thereby more open to tender and solemn  
reflections.—But now, indeed, it is become  
a natural and an obvious subject.—It is,  
I believe, just before me;—and, ere I  
have taken many more weary steps, I may  
drop into its cold bosom;—for, from what  
I feel and know of myself,—I am not  
long for this world.

—About



—About ten days ago, another blood-vessel burst;—and it was with great difficulty that Nature could be sustained into life!——So weakened am I by this blow, that, if I should receive another before the winter is over, it will prove my last fall,—and there will be an end of poor Yorick!——In this situation, and with these expectations, I comfort myself with a reflection, which I would recommend to thee for thy comfort, under any of the calamities of life, or apprehensions of its end,——That we are in the hands of a wise and faithful Being, who knows when to give,—and when to take away.——I send thee this information concerning myself,—that you may know the truth, and be prepared for the shock of my death; which, if it should be sudden,—as is most likely it will be,—might be attended with very fatal consequences to a frame so finely fibred as thine.——My pen moves heavily, as thou must perceive, Eliza,—and I know not how I shall trail it to the bottom of my paper.

All

All-gracious Power!—that canst give strength to the weak,—make firm my feeble knees, which I can scarce bend to ask a blessing of thee!——Oh, strengthen me, for I am weak; and my heart is cold within me!——Warm, enliven, illuminate it at this hour,—and then—if it be thy will—let it become cold for ever!

I would fain write to thee, Eliza, at this time, with more than usual power:—though whatever comes from a death-bed must carry an awful importance with it;—and I could wish that you would consider me as reclining upon mine, and attend to what I shall write, as the fond counsels of my dying spirit.——If I die—I well know—and I fetch a deep sigh as I write it—that I shall leave thee in a very comfortless state, and surrounded with many discouraging circumstances:—but there is help to be had, if thou wilt rightly ask it of that kind Being who ever looks with an eye of pity upon the wretched, and will hear and grant their petitions.——

Thou

Thou hast, I fear, many enemies:—they have already bowed thee down to the earth;—and who knows but they may renew the blow, and prevent thy ever raising up thy head again!——But there is One who is mightier than they, and he will relieve thee from the cruel hand of the oppressor, if thou wilt trust in him.——And, that you may do it, my child, as you ought, read the Scriptures;—study their divine truths,—and practise the patience and resignation which are so strongly enforced in every page of them.——Fortify thy mind with what is therein recorded of their sufferings—of whom the world was not worthy.——In the weakness and misgivings of thy mind, have recourse to earnest prayer and supplication, and it will ease thy pains, and be a balm unto thy wounds;——and smiles will return to thy countenance, and comfort to thy heart.

—And as an encouragement, my dearest Eliza! to tread in the paths of piety,  
keep

keep thine eye upon that state of being whither they will conduct thee.——

This will set you at ease with regard to the troubles of life, however severe and poignant they may be.——Tho' friends prove false, and enemies triumph;——tho' Poverty should lay her chilling hand upon thee,---and Misfortune riot in thine undoing,---look forward,---there is but a little way to go;—and, though it may be covered with thorns, have courage!—the pain will be soon over,---and thy happiness secured upon a foundation against which the Powers of darkness will not prevail.

As for thy children,---deserve thyself the favour of Heaven, and thou wilt thereby secure its blessings and protection for them.——And, though thou art at one end of the earth, and they at the other, the God in whom you trust will be merciful to all of you;——for he has created unnumbered worlds, and his eye comprehends and overlooks them all.——Let me,



me, therefore, recommend thee, my dear disciple, to cultivate a constant, awful sense of God's mercies, which will lead thee to deserve, and, in the end, receive them.——For this purpose, make it a law—which is not to be superseded by any consideration—to pass some part of every day alone.——This must be in your power:—and I charge my dearest friend, by every-thing which is dearest to her, never to omit a practice so full of profit and consolation!——Bear this letter, or a copy of it, always about you:—read it over every day of your life,—and then retire to your chamber, and be still.——There commune with your own heart;—and then let your heart commune with that great Being to whom it is accountable for its most secret thoughts.——He knows them all!—and will one day reward or condemn thee for them.——At the awful bar of eternal justice, you and I, Eliza, and all the world, must appear to receive the sentence which will there be pronounced by unerring Wisdom.——I shall  
then

then be judged for the contents of this letter,—and you must there answer for your obedience to, or neglect of, the counsels of it.

This, my friend, is truth---awful and important truth!—I cannot now be deceived!—every vain and sportive thought has taken wing and fled away!—I cannot now dissemble!—Death may be at my very gates!—In a few moments, perhaps, he may be at my chamber-door;—and ere I can write thee an eternal adieu,—the pale Minister may have executed his commission, and Yorick be numbered with the dead.——Under these awful impressions, you may believe that what I now write cannot proceed from the flow of passion, or the looser flights of fancy,—but a serious view of sublunary nature and a future world.

The letters which I have hitherto written to thee, do not beget in me either shame or confusion of face:—nay, on  
the

the contrary, they, at this hour, afford me the most pleasing reflections;—for I trust and hope thou wilt have reason to bless me for them.——But yet,—as my love for thy virtues, and zeal for thy happiness, may, perhaps, have enflamed my pen into somewhat of an exaggerated praise;—or, sometimes, to ease thy pain and soothe thy spirits, it may have practised some friendly fallacies on thee;—or, as my heart, deceiving itself, may, perchance, have deceived thee,—let caution attend your perusal of my former letters, while you give an implicit confidence to this,—and open every avenue of your soul to it.

——It contains the sentiments of an heart, which, being no longer able to deceive itself, cannot deceive you.——

Diffimulation now drops her mask,—the gay and airy trappings of wit and fancy are cast aside,—and every-thing stands naked in the sight of that eye, which looks down upon the grave, where it expects, every moment, to be closed for ever.

One

One thing I had forgotten,—indeed, it is of the utmost importance; and right glad am I that it has not escaped me.--- You are gone to India in obedience to the commands of your husband!—This was your duty,—and you have fulfilled it; but you must not stop here.——If he treats thee well, which I trust he will, return his kindness with gratitude.—— If it should be possible for him to neglect or insult thee, teach him by thy patience and submission to use thee better.——If that should fail,—still continue to persevere in the line of duty; for it will be an honour and a comfort to thee!—And though much sorrow may attend thee in the discharge of it, conscious virtue and approving Heaven will be thy supports.——Remember, also, Eliza,—that thy husband is the father of thy children!—This thought will beget patience, that meekest, gentlest virtue;—and patience, assisted by hope, will turn the tide of sorrow from thine eye, and give many a pleasing thought to thy heart.

Nothing



Nothing further, I believe, my dear; remains for me.——I have not omitted any-thing, I hope, which can be material for thee to know and consider.——If it should please Heaven to spare me yet longer, such sentiments and instructions as these can never be out of season:—-but, if I should pass the gates of death, consider them as the tender and sincere valediction of one who loved thee so well, that, in his last hours, the thoughts of a better world were, for a while, suspended, in order to direct thee how to attain it.

If, then, I should never see thee more, —eternally adieu!——O my Eliza!—cherish the remembrance of your friend; —and prove thy love of him by following the dying instructions which he bequeaths thee.——Do this,—and, perhaps, my death will teach you more true wisdom than my whole life would have done,—though I should live to see my hairs grey, —and to rest my feeble age, for support,  
on

on thee and thy children.— Once  
 more, then, and for the last time, fare  
 thee well!— I shall continue, Eliza,  
 to bless thee while I live ;— and may my  
 last blessing rest upon thee for ever !

Amen !

F I N I S .

